

# Heather Nova, Paper Cup

Wishful thinking I might be yours  
Drifting on every step  
I'm always drawn to the dark horse  
sweet, sweet , oh nothing's said

And every dream, every, is just a dream after all  
And everything stands so still when you dance  
Everything spins so fast  
And the night's in a paper cup  
When you want it to last

Wishful thinking you might be mine  
Every shiver sends  
One breath under the bridge of sighs  
Bending where the river bends

And every dream, every, is just a dream after all

And everything stands so still when you dance  
Everything spins so fast  
And the night's in a paper cup  
When you want it to last